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TAILORS.

THERE are some things in this world which astonished me when I first opened my eyes upon it, and which I have never since been able to understand. One of these is the popular ridicule about the business of a tailor. The arts and crafts all alike refer to one grand object, the convenience and pleasure of the human race; and though there may be some shades of comparative dignity among them, I must profess I never yet could see any grounds, either in reason or jest, for the peculiar contempt thrown out upon one, which, to say the least of it, *eminently* conduces to the comfort of man. A joke is a joke, to be sure; but then it should be a *real* joke. It should have some bottom in the principles of ridiculous contrast, or else it cannot be what it pretends to be, and must consequently fall to the ground. Now, it strikes me that all the sniggering which there has been about tailors since the beginning of the world (the first attempt at the art, by the bye, was no laughing matter) has been quite in vain—perfect humbug—a mirth without the least foundation in nature; for, if we divest ourselves of all recollection of the traditionary ridicule, and think of a tailor as he really is, why, there is positively nothing in the least ridiculous about him. The whole world has been upon the grin for six thousand years about one particular branch of general employment; and if the world were seriously questioned as to the source of its amusement, I verily believe, that not a single individual could give the least explanation. The truth is, the laughter at tailors is an entire delusion. While the world laughs, the artists themselves make riches, and then laugh in their turn,—with this difference, that they laugh with a cause. I am almost tempted to suspect that the tailors themselves are at the bottom of this plot of ridicule, in order that they may have the less competition and the higher wages; for again I positively say, I cannot see what there is about the business to be laughed at. Nobody ever thinks of laughing at a shoemaker, though he applies himself to clothe the very meanest part of the human body. Nay, the saddler, who furnishes clothes to a race of quadrupeds, is never laughed at; while few trades awaken the human sympathies so strongly as that of the blacksmith, who is relatively as much meaner in his employment than the saddler, as the shoemaker is than the tailor. What, then, is the meaning—what is the cause of all this six thousand years' laughing? If any man will give me a feasible answer, I will laugh too; for I like a joke as well as any body; but, upon my honour, I cannot laugh without a cause. I must see where the fun lies, or it is no fun for me.

If the mirth be, as I suspect, entirely groundless, what a curious subject for consideration! A large and respectable class of the community has been subjected, from apparently the beginning of the social world, to a system of general ridicule; and, when the matter is inquired into, it turns out that nothing can be shewn in the circumstances of that class to make the ridicule merited. Men talk of the oppression of governments; but was there ever such oppression, such wanton persecution and cruelty, as this? Does any superior, in almost any

instance, inflict such wrong upon those under him, as is here inflicted, by ordinary men, upon a part of their own set? How much discomfort there must have been in the course of time from this cause; and yet the jest turns out to want even the excuse of *being a jest*! Thousands of decent and worthy people have felt unhappy and degraded, that their neighbours might have an empty, unmeaning, witless laugh. The best of the joke is, that the human race must have paid immensely, in the course of time, for this silly sport. The tailors, very properly, would not make clothes and furnish laughing-stocks without payment for their services in both capacities. Their wages, therefore, have always been rather higher than those of other artificers; and few tradesmen are able to lend so much ready cash to good customers, as the London tailors. The fellows pocket the affront amazingly, having become quite reconciled to a contempt which is accompanied with so much of the substantial blessings of life. But the world should not allow this. It should say, "No, no, Messieurs Tailors, we see through the folly of our jesting, and would rather want it altogether, than pay so much more than is proper for our coats. So, if you please, we'll make a new arrangement. We'll agree never more to reckon up nine of you as necessary to make a man,—never more to speak of either goose or cabbage,—never more to use the words "prick the louse," or anything of that kind,—in short, we'll give up the whole of this system of obloquy, and make men of you, if you will only give us a discount of five per cent. off your charges." Let the world do this; and, if the tailors be not by this time quite hardened in endurance, and impervious to all shame, I think we might all save a good deal of our incomes every year, and yet the amount of genuine mirth not be much diminished.

THE NE'ER-DO-WHEEL.

NE'ER-DO-WHEEL is a term applied in Scotland to a class of individuals, *who*, let them try what course of life they please, *never do well* in any. There are two ways of accounting for such phenomena. Either the individual is supposed to want *good fortune*, or his infelicity is traceable to a want of certain powers necessary for success, with the possession, perhaps, of certain other qualities which operate unfavourably. Many of our readers will recollect the story of "Murad the Unlucky;" by Miss Edgeworth, where two Musselmauns, brothers, are represented as setting out in life together, with equal chances of prospering; but while one does every thing he should do, and at its right time, and consequently thrives to admiration; the other does every thing he ought not to do, or if he does a right thing by chance, it is out of time, and consequently he ends in misery, with the nickname which furnishes a title to the tale. It has for a considerable time been contemplated by one of the editors of this Journal, to pen the adventures of a kind of Scottish Murad, of whom many instances, alas, are to be found; but a friend, of much more experience in the world than he can pretend to, has, to his great satisfaction, spared him this trouble, by placing the following narrative at his command.

My uncle was a Scotsman:—that is but another

name for a dry wit. He respected most of the feelings of his country, and even some of its superstitions; but if he thought either calculated to lead to wrong conclusions, he shewed them no mercy. He often chose to reprehend them, however, in way of his own: one of these was, to appear to chime in with the superstition—to give it every apparent credence; and then, by accounting in a natural manner for the facts referred to, to tear it to pieces by shewing it wholly absurd.

One morning, a good-natured friend of his, of the opposite sex, was pleased to expatiate in his presence, on the subject of witchcraft, adducing, as is usual in such circumstances, a great variety of facts, that could not, in appearance, be accounted for in any other way. My uncle heard her in his usual manner, with his eyes shut, and leaning back on his chair; but without a symptom of dissent. At length, when she was fairly exhausted, he raised himself, not to express any dissent from her opinions, but, in appearance, to give a story in corroboration, and he gave it as follows:—

Unquestionably some people are bewitched from their birth, or mad, without suspecting it, or being suspected by others. I knew a person of this description. His name was Nicol Badenoch. His father was a merchant in the country, in rather an extensive way; but he had risen to it entirely by his own exertions, and in a way that would make an entertaining and instructive history. In process of time he married a lady of a respectable family, but unfortunately not distinguished in their particular generation. In honour of this family, and to inherit a small maternal property, it was arranged that Master Nicolas should take the name of Badenoch; and it proved ominous to him; for either from that, or from some defect in his understanding or education, (for I do not pretend to decide dogmatically upon any thing,) young Badenoch never prospered in any action of his life. Some said the property was in itself unlucky, and destroyed the prosperity of every one who ever meddled with it. But it was not entailed, so as to make the son independent of and indifferent to his father; so it could not injure the individual in that way. It was not a life-interest in any respect, so as to render the inheritor indifferent to the property; so it could hardly injure him any way. Some pretended, indeed, that in very remote times it had been wrested from a good-natured proprietor for a debt, which, even with interest and law charges, formed a very inadequate price; but if we were to go back to these things, what lands would appear to have come well?

Be this as it may, Badenoch completely answered to his name from his earliest years upwards. Whether he meant well or ill, it was all one, he never *did* well; and yet no one considered him particularly vicious or foolish,—they only thought him *bewitched*.

There was one person who always dissented from the general conclusion, and that was his mother. Whatever was the cause, that individual shewed an attachment and a good opinion of him that was wholly unaccountable. She had other children, and these amiable and sensible; but she left them wholly to the guidance of their father

She thought only of her son Nick. If he was well, all was well; and if not, it was of little consequence how other matters went. If he played truant, which he often did, it was of no consequence; he had an estate, and did not need to care for the school. If he tore his clothes, it was no matter, so it was not his person. If he belaboured another boy, infinitely his junior, it was a proper act, and no doubt the little rascal deserved it; but if another boy happened to belabour him, and this often did happen, it was a shame and a scandal, and the schoolmaster and the whole parish heard of it. At last he could hardly stir out but some mischief happened to him. Some people said he had brought this upon himself by his own cowardice, and by exciting the constant clamour of his mother; others by his being constantly over-dressed, and seeming very unworthy of it; and a school green is certainly not the place for a young master to exhibit extra finery; but most people were satisfied by merely saying he was bewitched.

As he grew up, he exhibited rather a handsome person and a stupid head. He was what in Scotland is termed a weel-faured gomeril; a young man with the affectation of gentility, without the good sense that alone gives grace. He did not compete for any of the prizes at college, because he had no need. He did not talk of the learning he had acquired at college, but of the sums he had spent, and the tricks he had played,—boasts that even the youngest of his hearers had sense to despise or to disbelieve. At last, after finishing his course, he was found to be as ignorant of all matters taught at college, as he had previously been of all matters taught at school; consequently, he could not be of any of the professions proper to gentlemen; neither could he be a mere landholder, for he had already spent half his estate, and the other was inadequate to his maintenance. He was therefore compelled to think of becoming a merchant, in order to avoid being a beggar; and every one was more and more satisfied that young Badenoch was certainly bewitched.

Well, he became a merchant, and opened in a great way; for it would have been disgraceful to him to have opened in a small one. For a time he flourished in appearance, for his house was always full of company, and his goods were new and fashionable, and sold cheap. Some people, indeed, alleged that he often sold cheaper than he bought; but that must have arisen from ignorance on their part. It seemed probable, however, that, as was farther alleged, he was often feasting his friends when he ought to have been following his business; and that they were such friends as neither added to his credit by their countenance, nor to his understanding by their counsel. At last, his entertainments began to be laughed at as the feasts of a fool; and his name became so common on bills, that it began to be refused at the banks. This was a critical moment for a merchant—it proved fatal to him. In eighteen months his affairs were so involved that they could not be extricated. From a blaze of apparent prosperity, he sunk at once into a bankrupt and a beggar. He had in that short space paid so many debts for other people, that he had nothing left to pay his own; and every body was satisfied that he was certainly bewitched.

And where was his mother during all this period? The admirer of all his proceedings, and now the trumpeter of his injuries, she saw nothing in his extravagance but liberality; nothing in his misfortunes but good nature. She did not say that he was imprudent, but that those who had taken advantage of him were villains; and she determined to support him at whatever expense.

In pursuance of this resolution, she insisted upon his being received back into his father's house. To have allowed him to be worse dressed, or less fur-

nished with money than had been usual to him, would, she conceived, have been an affront to the family. There was, therefore, no change in this respect. His father protested against all this; often asseverated that, as he had made his money with toil, so no one should spend it in idleness. He even went so far as to refuse all supplies whatever, on the plea that those who would not work should not live; and farther, that his family was large, and had been expensive, and he could not afford it; and this last was found actually to be true. But with an infatuation not easily accounted for, the mother would not believe it, or, believing it, disdained to yield to the change of conduct necessary in the circumstances. She had formerly been useful in aiding the exertions of her husband, and he had trusted her largely. She not only knew where his bank bills were deposited, but had occasionally acted for him in investing or drawing sums. Will it be believed? In order to supply the foolish, tasteless, and even unenjoyed extravagance of a worthless son, or to pay debts which he chose to consider debts of honour, though from the actual circumstances they were only debts of folly or infamy, this woman forgot all duty to her husband and her family; and, by privately removing documents of debt, and uplifting their contents, in one year reduced her husband from a state of perfect credit to one of the greatest difficulty and danger; for though he saw his son was supported from some quarter, probably in a dishonourable manner, he never dreamt of the extent, nor of the treachery of his wife; and in these circumstances came under engagements in the way of his business, which she had wholly deprived him of the means of answering. Nothing but his long known probity, added to a distinct declaration of the fraud that had been practised upon him, could have saved the old merchant from ruin, and his family from want; and now every one who heard of the circumstance, declared that Nicol Badenoch was *certainly* bewitched.

It would be painful to enter into a detail of the miseries which these circumstances introduced into the family. It was now indispensable that the father should expel the son from his house, unless he would be considered cognizant of his follies, and even using them as a blind for defrauding his own creditors. This last feeling the honourable old man found intolerable; and therefore, though the mother clung to her son with a pertinacity little short of madness, he was decidedly expelled, and with him, for a time, the mother; for she declared that she would not be separated from him.

At last an incident happened that shook the foolish affections of even the mother. It is generally known how easily the marriage tie is come under in Scotland. The parties have only to acknowledge each other, before competent witnesses, to be husband and wife, and they are so to all legal intents and purposes, though certainly with the violation of all decency. Being one evening among his companions, and, as he pleaded, in no condition to judge for himself, (if ever he was in that condition,) in protecting the character of a young woman, whose character, it was supposed, required protection, and whose circumstances, at least, were humble, he declared, and, it is said, was from mere mischief incited to declare, in testimony of his conviction of her purity, that he himself was ready to make her his wife; and the young woman being procured, or, as it was said, being ready to be introduced at the expected crisis, the man made good his threat, and next morning found himself indissolubly married! It need not be added, that the world now declared unanimously that Ne'er-do-weel was *undoubtedly* bewitched.

Amid all his misfortunes, his mother had thought so well of her darling Nicolas, that she looked to his repairing every thing, and even rising beyond what he had ever been, by a splendid marriage. This was so completely fixed in her imagination, that she

considered all that might happen in the interval as of little consequence; she merely looked forward to the period when he might submit to marry. In this impression she had singled out for him none but women of first-rate fortunes and accomplishments; and if she ever attempted to hint an instruction to her son, it was to think of looking after this or that lady, whom she considered such as he ought to be inclined to marry. A refusal on the part of the lady never entered her thoughts. It never affected her, that, one by one, the ladies she had in succession thought worthy of his preference, were retiring to their respective residences, with husbands of undoubted respectability, and of their own choosing. She only chid her son for not having stepped forward in time. But this blow was a destroyer. She could not believe it—she *would not* believe it. It was such a folly, such a disgrace; she asseverated that it was impossible; and carrying her son off to another quarter, sent to tell the young woman never to think of what had passed but as a piece of folly and a dream. But the young woman had different views on the subject. At last the mother, foolish in every thing, thought of her usual remedy in such emergencies,—money; but there she was less powerful than heretofore, and the young person was vain. Though she believed her husband was a fool, and knew him to be a beggar, he was yet what the world had called a gentleman; and she was desirous of being a gentleman's wife. She was therefore as obstinate in maintaining her bargain, as the mother was for annulling it, neither being conscious that it did not rest with them; and the rage and agony of the mother were indescribable.

Had it rested with her, no punishment would have seemed too great for the low-born gipsy that had dared to get married to her son. But, in Scotland, there is no punishment by law for marriage; and we can fancy the face of sarcasm, with which our ancient law-givers would leave it to itself.

The old lady saw no remedy for this last misfortune of her son, but in, for a time, foregoing his presence in this country, and sending him abroad; and she hoped, that by thus decidedly breaking the connexion, the young woman would soon seek a more equal match for herself; or otherwise, so misconduct herself, as to forfeit the title that had been given to her, and so give her husband an opportunity of speedily revisiting his country, and at liberty to enter into a more suitable connexion. In pursuance of this prospect, a passage was taken for him in a vessel bound for the West Indies; and his father, who had of late remained callous to all circumstances connected with him, was prevailed on to advance the money necessary upon this occasion.

His infatuated mother, though the sole adviser of the expedition, yet could not avoid hazarding its success, by her extravagant and unaccountable sorrow. The son, too, though ruined and laughed at by his companions, could not avoid taking farewell of them. The circumstances transpired, and his route was traced by a circumstance completely characteristic. In taking leave of his mother, he was too late for the stage coach! She regarded it as a God-send, for it promised her another day of his company; but his father very truly predicted, that if he did not go as he could, he might not be allowed to go. The mother, as usual, ridiculed the old man's fears, and attributed them to the worst motives; but the approach of officers to surround the house, with the view of apprehending the son as in meditation of flight, soon satisfied her, for the thousandth time, that her folly was as complete as it seemed likely to be endless.

Contraband trade had been one of the occasional resources of the old gentleman, and so he still had the means of concealing his son. But the madness of the mother had well nigh rendered even this useless. She could not conceal her agony while the search of the officers was going forward,—scarcely refrain from screaming as they approached where she thought it likely her son was concealed. It was necessary to remove her by force to a room which the officers had searched, and there secure her on her bed, or she would have divulged the whole. In the same spirit she rendered it indispensable that her precious son should be huddled off in the dark, and without seeing her, to find his sea-port as he best could.

He found the sea-port; but the frenzy of his mother having blabbed it, the officers watched the vessel, and one of them even declared his intention of going with an admiralty warrant as far as a boat would carry him. The sagacity of his father had anticipated this; and so a correspondent was di-

rected to repair to the vessel, and announce that they should lie to, to receive him off the Western Isles. His escape now seemed certain, therefore; but there are people whose folly sets all human wisdom exerted in their favour at defiance. The hero of this story was one of them. On the eve of setting off for his rendezvous, he could not help boasting to a crony of two days' standing, how he had detected the plot laid for him, and how defeated it. He had scarcely been gone twelve hours, when the story was repeated in an open tap-room, in presence of the very officer who had been baffled, and who had now embarked so much money in the chase, and which he had no chance of realizing but by the capture of his man, that he was well nigh desperate. He therefore started immediately in pursuit; and the correspondent of the old gentleman, seeing the vessel no longer watched, soon traced the cause, and the route of the officer. He immediately sent a person in whom he could trust, to give warning; and the warning was duly received. But a fool, by being warned of danger, is only rendered incapable of escaping from it. This infuriated person's only plan for governing those he wished to influence, was, by appealing to their grossest passions, without considering whether he should not thereby incapacitate them from rendering the service he was so anxious to obtain. The difficulties of the land journey were past. He had only to embark for the island, when he received information that it was necessary he should embark immediately. The boatmen were summoned. They were ready to embark; but he deemed it necessary to apprise them that they must also use despatch, and the wind was adverse. Nothing better occurred to this dervish, than to ply them with ardent spirits,—wisely deeming that the better they were fortified in this respect, the more they would be able and anxious to second his wishes. As might have been anticipated, they became irrationally drunk. They came to the beach, it is true, all confidence and noise, but wholly unfit for the business of facing a rough sea and a head wind in a dark night. But they got on board. With much staggering, and noise, and swearing, the sail was hoisted; but the boat could not be made to clear the bay. All night they lay hard to the wind; those at the sails and helm never quitting them, but, on the contrary, holding on with the most desperate perseverance, to prevent the vessel again falling upon the lee shore; for our hero now felt it necessary to declare, that he must not, upon any account, be landed again.

During the darkness they could see nothing, but that there were breakers still on the sea. The sailors swore and prayed by turns; for with every rag set, and the man at the helm watching every wave, they were satisfied they had not yet cleared the head, and, in short, with all their exertions, were doing nothing. They had never experienced any thing like this, and believed they must be bewitched. Our unfortunate hero himself believed at last that he must be bewitched. He ran over the whole course of his life. It was a life that ought to have been prosperous; but in every circumstance had been unprosperous. When others, without a shilling, had made fortunes, he, with every opportunity, had lost one. Instead of having married, so as to increase his comfort and respectability, he had become involved in a way, that precluded him for ever from either being comfortable or respectable through that connexion. Even when he had wished to fly from his native country, without a shilling that he could call his own, and without knowing whether he should ever be enabled to earn one, he had found it impossible. By merely telling to companions he had trusted, the course he meant to follow, that course had been betrayed. By lingering for a moment with a mother that loved him, he had lost the opportunity of travelling in comfort. And by merely mentioning to a stranger the fact of having overcome all difficulties, he had not only protracted and increased them, but rendered them overwhelming. The vessel even refused to sail, that ought to bear him on his destination. He sunk, overpowered with the inscrutable severity of his fate. He was certainly bewitched, if ever a man was.

When day-light appeared, it was found that though every sail was set, and every hand was at his post, and straining every nerve, they had not left the spot from which they intended to start. The wind was howling in the rigging, the sails were full to bursting, the helmsman was watching every pitch of the vessel, and screaming his orders to the over-laboured tars, who, now sober from fatigue and anxiety, were tightening every rope with increased ardour, and looking at the ocean and at the land at once, with a disappointment and astonishment almost amounting to frenzy. At last, a horseman

was seen to reach the beach, attended by numerous companions on foot. Our hero at once knew him. It was his pursuer! Shouts at once, of triumph and of laughter, burst from them, as they leaped into a boat, to board the enchanted vessel. This only increased the rage of those on board of her. They saw that the others made way freely to overtake, while they could not stir to fly. They gnashed their teeth, while they exclaimed, what *could* be the cause! The cause was at once discovered,—the vessel was hard at anchor! In the drunkenness of the preceding night, they had totally omitted to weigh anchor; and all night, of course, had been contending with a phantom. In the rage of the moment, one of the seamen cut the cable and the vessel darted to seaward, exactly as the officers in pursuit hauled our hero into their own boat.

It will seem strange, that while the boat escaped, the person who formed the sole object of that escape should have remained behind. But this fact is to be referred, like the rest, to that person's unchangeable folly. He was standing, so anxious to see the vessel escape, that he had no eye or thought for any other circumstance; and, consequently, one of his pursuers threw a rope round him, without observation or resistance; and in another moment he was in the water, and too glad to be taken up even by his worst enemy.

The often disappointed messenger, as soon as he could reach our hero, clutched him, as if every thing short of strangulation was justified! He had often received money from him before, it is true; but no thanks for that. He had now a good ten pounds depending upon him; and to secure that, he would have dragged him through fire had it been necessary, as well as water. From the mere instinct of outraged nature, our friend, for once in his life, shewed some sense of right. He knew he had done nothing to justify the harshness shewn to him; and therefore, or from the necessity of freeing himself from suffocation, immediately exerted all his strength to free himself from the aggressor, and with such effect, that the messenger very speedily found himself in the same element from which our friend had so recently been rescued. At the same time, Mr. Badenoch, who for his amusements had learned to swim, immediately again plunged into the water, in a direction, it may be supposed, the very opposite to his antagonist. The boatmen were now divided in their object. Could they have seen the messenger, to throw him a rope, they would have done so, and made after his prize; but the messenger had not yet again made his appearance. One of the boatmen, therefore, threw a rope after the escaping individual; but they of the other boat, and who had fortunately not been paid their fare, had now returned, and either entering into the spirit of the rescue, or wishing to establish a merit with their own man, seemed determined to defeat the object of their neighbours, if possible. As soon as the rope was thrown, therefore, one of them seized it with a boat hook, pretending to understand it to be meant to bring the yawl on board. But this would have left their pay-master to his fate, and, consequently, their fare unpaid; for once, therefore, our friend was fortunate and escaped. His boat flew to sea, as if with a joyous velocity; and the disappointed officer, when picked up, was in no condition to reproach himself or any one else, for what had happened. He only "grinned horrible," forgetting to add the smile.

The boat of the bewitched one then got to sea; but only to be satisfied it was too late! The vessel had waited the appointed time, but in vain; and, with a heart bursting with many contending emotions (for these unfortunates have feelings—often strong feelings, though generally of the wrong description), our hero saw the masts of the ship, that was to have borne him to oblivion and safety, disappearing on the far ocean, and leaving him more hapless than ever!

The boatman, seeing his situation, very feelingly took some trouble to avoid returning in such a way as to expose him to further persecution. They steered for another part of the island; and, having landed their fare, returned as quickly as possible, and as if they had succeeded in effecting their object. Perhaps their personal vanity upon this subject was the real secret of their exertions. The messenger was deceived, and left the field.

Again our hero, therefore, became a burden upon his friends; but as he had shame enough to avoid returning to them, it was more tolerable. Taught at last by dire experience, he kept his own secret; and, in a few weeks after this disappointment, was fairly on his way to a foreign land.

[The remainder of the *Ne'er-do-weel's* adventures in our next.]

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE ATMOSPHERE—Continued.

THE humidity of the air next claims our attention, and we need scarcely observe, that the vegetable creation, which appears to have been destined for the support of myriads of animate beings requires a certain quantity of moisture, whether it descends in the form of dew, or of genial and refreshing rains, which are supplied by the evaporation which is constantly going on from the rivers, lakes, and seas, which adorn the surface of the earth. Accordingly, it is found that the air always holds either in solution or in suspension, a certain quantity of moisture. At 50° of Fahrenheit's thermometer, it will contain one fiftieth of its own volume, or about one seventy-fifth of its own weight of this vapour; but the quantity is varied by many causes. More vapour rises in maritime countries, and those interspersed with lakes, than in island countries; more rises during hot than during cold weather, and during a brisk wind, than during a calm. So long as the air holds this moisture in solution or suspension, so as not to exceed its capacity of saturation, it remains invisible; but if the temperature diminishes, the quantity of vapour which surpassed the degree of saturation condenses, and, according to its degree of condensation, resumes the liquid state, descending in the shapes of fogs or rain. It often happens on a fine clear day, when there is not a speck apparent in the azure sky, that from some sudden current of cold air in those higher regions, this vapour is suddenly condensed into light billowy clouds, which again after a time disappear. The excess of moisture in the air, indicating the approach of rain, is recognized by many prognostics, which are perhaps more familiarly known to the sailor and the peasant than to the man of science. Thus, when the moon appears of a pure and silvery white, good weather is indicated; but when it exhibits a reddish light, wind and storm, and when a brown tint, rain may be predicted—all of which appearances depends on the increased quantity of moisture affecting the density of the air. When the odour of plants is more powerful—when distant sounds are heard more distinctly—when objects afar off are seen more perceptibly than usual, the air is saturated with excess of moisture, and rain may generally be prognosticated. Instruments to ascertain the quantity of moisture present in the air, are termed *Hygrometers*; and are generally made of sponge, hair, or whalebone. That used by the celebrated Howard, who has furnished us with an admirable work on the climate of London, consists of a very slender strip of whalebone, which having been cut out of the piece across the grain, and reduced by scraping to the requisite thickness, with a length of about 34 inches, is so mounted on a brass frame, with a counter-acting spring of wire, as to move an index round a circular scale of three inches circumference. The shortening of the strip of whalebone by dryness, and the lengthening by moisture, while the spring keeps it extended, respectively carry the index toward the extremes of the scale. Certain vegetables, more especially the wild oat and other kinds of grasses, and also some flowers, indicate the excess of moisture in the atmosphere, and are good hygrometers.

The electrical condition of the air merits notice, as it obviously influences a variety of atmospherical phenomena. Here, then, we may observe, that the peculiar matter known under the form of electric fluid, seems to pervade all nature. It constantly seeks an equal distribution, and some bodies conduct it with more facility than others. Of this remarkable fluid the earth is the great reservoir, and when an equilibrium exists between it and atmospherical bodies, no sensible phenomena take place: water is a better conductor than air, for which reason, during a thick fog, when the earth is surcharged with electrical matter, the electricity is conducted away without any sensible effects; but if the air remain dry, as it often is in this country during the summer and autumn months, then the fluid, instead of being conducted gently, faces itself through the intervening space to the attracting body, and produces loud explosions. Hence the correctness of the poet who, in describing a storm among the Alps, says—

— far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone clifftop,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

The electrical state of the air varies in different climates, and at different periods of the day; hence storms rarely occur immediately after sunrise, because the rising vapours then equalize the electric fluid without any sensible

commotion; but they occur when the air has become dry during the more advanced period of the day and during the night. In summer, when the earth is dry, and the day warm, droughty, and serene, the atmospheric electricity increases from sunrise until mid-day, when it arrives at its maximum, and remains stationary a couple of hours, after which it diminishes until the fall of dew, and revives and increases again until midnight, to be shortly after almost extinguished.

When the electrical condition of the earth and clouds is dissimilar, and the equilibrium is disturbed, nervous people are often much affected, suffering difficulty of breathing, headache, painful anxiety, a sense of oppression, pains in the limbs, and mental depression, by which many of them are enabled to predict with certainty the approach of a storm. Nor does this result merely from imagination, for many animals, and persons who are insane, are at such times much affected. Occasionally the air is so much charged with electricity, that fire-balls are seen at the tops of masts, towers, and monuments. The manes of horses, and tips of their ears, often appear luminous during a thunder storm. * Julius Caesar states, that after a great storm which occurred during the African war, and which injured the Roman army, the end of the soldiers' javelins and darts shone with a great light. The electricity of the atmosphere is not less by day than by night;—but it has been observed that winds often augment, and often diminish considerably its electrical state. Northern lights, shooting stars, the zodiacal light, and other similar phenomena, have been attributed to the accumulation and transmission of the electric fluid through the higher regions of the air. The forms of clouds, and the fall of rain, are said likewise to depend on electricity; but the variations in the electrical state of our atmosphere, and the influence of these on the human body in health and disease, are not yet sufficiently understood.

We shall next consider the colour of the atmosphere; and assuredly there are few observers of nature who have not marked with delight the glowing tints that "live along the sky," and the greater or the lesser intensity of the azure vault at different seasons of the year, and in different countries. It has by some been supposed that the air is itself of a blue colour, which when the air is accumulated in a mass is rendered more apparent; but this explanation is by no means so satisfactory as that which rests on the principles and beautiful theory of light propounded by Sir Isaac Newton. That illustrious philosopher showed, that when a ray of white light passes from a rarer into a denser medium, as from space, or subtle ether, into our denser atmosphere, it is bent out of its course and resolved into its primary ray. The colour of the sky is owing to the vapour suspended in the air, absorbing the least refrangible—that is, the red and yellow rays—and transmitting the blue or most refrangible of the rays, which when blended together, constitute a beam of light. Accordingly, the different shades of blue which the heavens display, depend on the quantity and nature of vapour suspended in the atmosphere. If the watery particles be to a certain degree condensed, the white light, or the light undecomposed, is reflected, and we have the pale tint of sky so frequently observed in this country. But if their suspension be more complete, and the air fully saturated, as is the case in warmer southern climates, then the blue rays are transmitted in their softest and deepest intensity. Travellers have observed, that in general the air is of a deeper blue under the torrid zone, than in high latitudes; and so likewise, in this climate, in summer than in winter. —Baron Humboldt remarks, that from the coasts of Spain and Africa, the azure colour of the heavens augmented from thirteen to twenty-three degrees, which he estimated by an instrument invented for that purpose, named the Cyanometer. Near the horizon, on account of the opacity of the vapours there generally accumulated, the sky is often of a pale tint; and for the same reason, when viewed from coasts it appears paler on the sea, than on the land side of the prospect. When we ascend a mountain, and attain a region above the diffusion of the aqueous vapour, which thus refracts the blue rays, the sky becomes of a deeper blue, and then its shades grow darker and darker, until its whole expanse appears black. Such was the aspect of the heavens, described by Saussure, from the top of Mont Blanc, and the Andes. So, likewise, M. Auljo, in describing the sublime prospect from the top of Mont Blanc, thus expresses himself:—"On the south a blue space shewed where the plain of Piedmont lay; and far in the back ground of this, rose the long chain of the Apennines, and lofty Alps, forming the coast of the Mediterranean, and running thence towards the right, meeting the mountains of Savoy. Gilded as they were by the sun, and canopied by a sky almost black, they made up a picture so grand and awful, that the mind could not behold it without fear and astonishment." Here we may add, because it is consonant with this explanation, that Professor Leslie, of the University of Edinburgh, has observed, that the light diffused is weaker when the sky is of a very deep and pure blue, and when it is slightly covered by transparent vapour. Assuredly, the reason of this is, that in the deep blue atmosphere, the rays of light are many of them decomposed, as we have explained; while, in the more opaque vapoury sky, they are reflected in all their original dazzling whiteness. Hence, by presenting a medium for the refraction and reflection of light, the atmosphere which invests the earth tends to diffuse this blessing

equally around us. Without its presence, when we turned our back on the sun, the rest of the sky would appear quite black, and the instant that glorious orb sunk below the horizon, instead of a gentle twilight succeeding, we should be involved in total darkness.

We do not in this place consider it expedient to dwell at any length on the chemical constitution of atmospheric air; but we may remark, that instead of being a simple element, as was supposed by the ancients, it is a mixture of two gases,—the one named oxygen, the other nitrogen; besides which there is found a small portion of a more deleterious gas, known as carbonic acid gas, the fixed air which gives the sparkling buoyancy to soda water, champagne, &c. The oxygen may be called the stimulating principle of the air. If a spark of light be plunged into it, the spark shines with a bright and dazzling lustre. If we were to inspire it, the pulse would become increased, the breathing more rapid, and the stimulus be too great for the endurance of life. Yet without its presence no animal could live, so that, when confined in a close apartment, as the quantity of this gas diminishes, our breathing becomes laborious, and, were not a fresh quantity admitted, respiration would entirely cease. Without its presence no flame is supported. A candle placed under a jar, when it has consumed the oxygen, becomes extinguished. It likewise acts upon metals entering into combination with them; as with mercury, lead, manganese, from which it may readily be expelled by the agency of heat. Such being the qualities of this gas, and as it could not be breathed pure, Nature, in forming atmospheric air, has supplied a diluent in the nitrogen, 79 parts of which added to 21 of oxygen constitute the air we breathe, and in this proportion the air is found at the highest altitudes and in all countries. Saussure analyzed the air on the top of Mont Blanc, and found it consisted of the same constituents as the air in the valleys below. Berthollet analyzed the air of Egypt, and found it the same as the air in France. The carbonic acid gas, being so deleterious, exists only in a very small proportion—one part in a thousand; but it varies, the quantity being greater in summer than in winter, and during the night than during the day. It was supposed at one time that it existed only accidentally in the air, but it is now ascertained that it exists in the air over the high mountain ranges. Gay Lussac brought it from twenty-three thousand feet above the level of the sea, that being the amazing height to which he ascended in his balloon. Every body is aware, that air is necessary for the support of human life—hence we read in the Mosaic account of the creation, that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Let us therefore attend to what has been observed on this subject; at each inspiration from twenty to forty inches of air are taken into the body, and this air consists of a certain quantity of oxygen, nitrogen, watery vapour, and a very little carbonic acid; but at each expiration its condition is materially changed, the quantity of nitrogen remains the same, that of the watery vapour is little changed, but a part of the stimulating principle of the oxygen disappears, and an additional quantity of carbonic acid gas is emitted in its place: this applies to animals. It is evident therefore that a vast quantity of oxygen is continually being extracted from the air, and to compensate for this loss, Nature has not failed to make an ample and all wise provision. This is done by the aid of plants and trees, which, during the day, in the process of their breathing, absorb the carbonic acid gas, and give out a quantity of oxygen, so that while animals are deteriorating, plants are purifying the atmosphere. In the shade, however, and during the night, it is found that plants emit carbonic acid;—hence in a plain, only lightly shaded with wood, the air is salubrious, but in the interior of extensive forests it is thick and unwholesome. Accordingly, as the poet expresses it, "all are but parts of one stupendous whole," and thus is the vegetable creation essential to the purification of the air we breathe. No wonder is it, then, that the Dutch paid so heavy a penalty for their ill judged proceeding at Ternate; where in order to heighten the value of the fruit of the clove tree, which grew plentifully on that island, they ordered all the clove trees to be cut down, shortly after which the air became unwholesome, and the whole island sickly. Air, we may also remark, is rendered very deleterious by gases and vapours generated in the earth. In the island of Java, the carbonic acid is thrown out in such quantities in a certain valley, that no animal can there exist, and birds flying low drop dead. It is a volcanic district, and thus is appropriately called the "Valley of Death." At Fashun in Sweden, noted for copper mines, the mineral exhalations so affect the air, that the silver in the purses of the possessors becomes discoloured. In Carinola and Campania, the air is impregnated with sulphur. It has also been found to contain arsenic; and that such poisonous matters are sent from below, and arise from some subterranean action, may be inferred from the destruction of millions of fishes. Whole coasts have been covered with dead fishes, supposed to have been killed by such poisonous matter from below; volcanoes have at such times been in a state of activity, and earthquakes have occurred.

After the account we have given of the composition of the air, and the difference between the air expired, and that inspired, how important must be the proper ventilation of all hospitals, prisons, and manufactories. The air of hospitals, during the period of an epidemic, when

it was supposed to be loaded with contagious matter has been analyzed; but the proportion of its constituents has not been found altered. We do not believe that any variation in the proportion, or any mixture of gases, could generate a matter of contagion to affect with any specific disease the living body; but when it is rendered deleterious by having been frequently breathed, and when it is charged with the exhalations of filth and putrifying matter, then the seeds of contagion, which have been generated in some sickly, but yet living frame, and which are more or less constantly wafting about, find a congenial medium for their evolution, and all the horrors of plague then thicken round us. Thus, when the great fire of London broke out in the year 1665, that city was in the most uncleanly and lamentable condition; dirt of all kinds was allowed to lie in the streets, the drains choked, and every kind of excrementitious matter was thrown into them. The floors even of the middling ranks were covered with hay and rushes, which though occasionally renewed, were suffered to lie unmolested beneath beer, grease, fragments of meat, excrements, &c. The houses were high, the streets narrow, and every obstacle that could possibly oppose a free current of air was offered. The great plague that ravaged Rome in 1695, is referred by Lancelotti to an analogous want of cleanliness and ventilation. It is indeed commonly observed, that epidemic diseases arise, and often prove most destructive in the closer and filthier parts of cities; and we are perfectly satisfied that the salutary measures recently recommended, and had recourse to, by the Edinburgh Board of Health, have in a great measure mitigated and checked the progress of the disease, which has so recently spread ten-fold terrors and desolation through Dublin, Paris, and other European cities.

While the atmosphere produces such important effects on living bodies, both animal and vegetable, its influence may also be observed on inert inanimate matter. Iron, copper, and most of the metals when exposed to its action, attract its carbonic acid, and become rusted. Boyle relates, that in the southern English colonies the great guns rusted so fast, that after lying in the air a few years, large cakes of crocus martis could be separated from them. The purple stone, of which Salisbury Cathedral is built, is observed to become gradually softer on the surface exposed to the air. Rocks, most of which contain iron in greater or lesser abundance, change their colour, from that metal being acted upon by the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. Hence is derived the red or yellow colour exhibited by rocks, and which seen scattered over with lichens, or crowned with stunted shrubs, adds so much to the beauty of such scenery. We might trace many other effects of the atmosphere on inanimate matter; but already we have exceeded our limits, and for the present bid our readers "all and each a fair good night," promising to appear before them again at our earliest convenience.

THE FREEBOOTER OF LOCHABAR.

TOWARDS the end of the seventeenth century, there lived a certain notorious freebooter, in the county of Moray, a native of Lochabar, of the name of Cameron, but who was better known by his cognomen of *Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt*, which signifies, "Peter, the priest's son." Numerous were the crachas, or robberies of cattle, on the great scale, driven by him from Strathspey. But he did not confine his depredations to that country; for sometime between the years 1690 and 1695, he made a clean sweep of the cattle from the rich pastures of the Aird, the territory of the Frasers. That he might put his pursuers on a wrong scent, he did not go directly towards Lochabar, but, crossing the River Ness at Lochend, he struck over the mountains of Strathnairn and Strathdarrn, and ultimately encamped behind a hill above Duthel, called, from a copious spring on its summit, *Cairn-an-Sh'uaran*, or The Well Hill. But notwithstanding all his precautions, the celebrated Simon Lord Lovat, then chief of the Frasers, discovered his track, and dispatched a special messenger to his father-in-law, Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant, begging his aid in apprehending Mac-an-Ts'agairt, and recovering the cattle.

It so happened that there lived, at this time, on the laird of Grant's ground, a man also called Cameron, surnamed *Mugach-more*, of great strength and undaunted courage; he had six sons and a stepson, whom his wife, formerly a woman of light character, had before her marriage with *Mugach*, and, as they were all brave, Sir Ludovick applied to them to undertake the recapture of the cattle. Sir Ludovick was not mistaken in the man. The *Mugach* no sooner received his orders, than he armed himself and his little band, and went in quest of the freebooter, whom he found in the act of cooking a dinner from part of the spoil. The *Mugach* called on *Padrig* and his men to surrender, and they, though numerous, dreading the well known prowess of their adversary, fled to the opposite hills, their chief threatening bloody vengeance as he went. The *Mugach* drove the cattle to a place of safety, and watched them till their owners came to recover them.

Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt did not utter his threats without the fullest intention of carrying them into effect. In the latter end of the following spring, he visited Strathspey with a strong party, and waylaid the *Mugach*, as he and his sons were returning from working at a small patch of land he had on the brow of a hill, about

half a mile above his house. Mac-an-Ts'agairt and his party concealed themselves in a thick covert of underwood, through which they knew that the Mugach and his sons must pass; but seeing their intended victims well armed, the cowardly assassins lay still in their hiding-place, and allowed them to pass, with the intention of taking a more favourable opportunity for their purpose. That very night they surprised and murdered two of the sons, who, being married, lived in separate houses, at some distance from their father's; and, having thus executed so much of their diabolical purpose, they surrounded the Mugach's cottage.

No sooner was his dwelling attacked, than the brave Mugach, immediately guessing who the assailants were, made the best arrangements for defence that time and circumstances permitted. The door was the first point attempted; but it was strong, and he and his four sons placed themselves behind it, determined to do bloody execution the moment it should be forced. Whilst thus engaged, the Mugach was startled by a noise above the rafters, and, looking up, he perceived, in the obscurity, the figure of a man half through a hole in the wattled roof. Eager to despatch his foe as he entered, he sprang upon a table, plunged his sword into his body, and down fell—his stepson! whom he had ever loved and cherished as one of his own children. The youth had been cutting his way through the roof, with the intention of attacking Padrig from above, and so creating a diversion in favour of those who were defending the door. The brave young man lived no longer than to say, with a faint voice, "Dear father, I fear you have killed me!" For a moment the Mugach stood petrified with horror and grief, but rage soon usurped the place of both. "Let me open the door!" he cried, "and revenge his death, by drenching my sword in the blood of the villain!" His sons clung around him, to prevent what they conceived to be madness, and a strong struggle ensued between desperate bravery and filial duty; whilst the Mugach's wife stood gazing on the corpse of her first-born son, in an agony of contending passions, being ignorant, from all she had witnessed, but that the young man's death had been wilfully wrought by her husband.

"Hast thou forgotten our former days?" cried the wily Padrig, who saw the whole scene through a crevice in the door; "how often hast thou undone thy door to me, and wilt thou not open it now, to give me way to punish him who has, but this moment, so foully slain the beloved son?" Ancient recollections, and present affliction, conspired to twist her to his purpose. The struggle and altercation between the Mugach and his sons still continued. A frenzy seized on the unhappy woman. She flew to the door, undid the bolt, and Padrig and his assassins rushed in. The infuriated Mugach no sooner beheld his enemy enter, than he sprang at him like a tiger, grasped him by the throat, and dashed him to the ground. Already was his vigorous sword-arm drawn back, and his broad claymore was about to find a passage to the traitor's heart, when his faithless wife, coming behind him, threw over it a large canvass winnowing sheet, and, before he could extricate the blade from the numerous folds, Padrig's weapon was reeking in the best heart's blood of the bravest Highlander that Strathspay could boast of.—His four sons, who had witnessed their mother's treachery, were paralyzed. The unfortunate woman herself, too, stood stupefied and appalled. But she was quickly recalled to her senses by the active clash of the swords of Padrig and his men. "Oh, my sons! my sons!" she cried, "spare my boys!" But the tempter needed her services no longer—she had done his work. She was spurned to the ground, and trampled under foot, by those who soon strewed the bloody floor around her with the lifeless corpses of her brave sons.

Exulting in the full success of this expedition of vengeance, Mac-an-Ts'agairt beheaded the bodies, and piled the heads in a heap on an oblong hill, that runs parallel to the road on the east side of Carr Bridge, from which it is called *Tom-nan-Cean*, the Hill of the Heads. Scarcely was he beyond the reach of danger, than his butchery was known at the Castle Grant, and Sir Ludovick immediately offered a great reward for his apprehension; but Padrig, who had anticipated some such thing, fled to Ireland, where he remained for seven years. But the restlessness of the murderer is well known, and Padrig felt it in all its horrors. Leaving his Irish retreat, he returned to Lochabar. By a strange accident, a certain Mungo Grant of Muckrach, having had his cattle and horses carried away by some thieves from that quarter, pursued them hot on foot, recovered them, and was on his way returning with them, when, to his astonishment, he met Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, quite alone, in a narrow pass, on the borders of his native country. Mungo instantly seized and made a prisoner of him. But his progress with his beasts was tedious; and, as he was entering Strathspay at *Lag-na-caillich*, about a mile to the westward of Aviemore, he espied twelve desperate men, who, taking advantage of his slow march, had crossed the hills to gain the pass before him, for the purpose of rescuing Padrig. But Mungo was not to be daunted. Seeing them occupying the road in his front, he grasped his prisoner with one hand, and brandishing his dirk with the other, he advanced in the midst of his people and animals, swearing potently, that the first motion at an attempt at rescue by any one of them, should be the signal for his dirk to drink the life's blood of Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt. They were so intimidated by his boldness, that they allowed him to pass without assault, and left their friend to his fate. Padrig was

forthwith carried to Castle Grant. But the remembrance of the Mugach's murder had been by this time much obliterated, by many events little less strange; and the laird, unwilling to be troubled with the matter, ordered Mungo and his prisoner away.

Disappointed and mortified, Mungo and his party were returning with their fellow captive, discussing, as they went, what they had best do with him. "A fine reward we have had for all our trouble!" said one. "The laird may catch the next thief her nainssel for Donald!" said another. "Let's turn him loose!" said a third. "Ay, ay," says a fourth, "what for wud we be plaguing ourselves more wi him!" "Yes, yes! brave, generous men!" said Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, roused by a sudden hope of life from the moody dream of the gallows tree, in which he had been plunged, whilst he was courting his mournful muse to compose his own lament, that he might die with an effect striking, as all the events of his life had been: "Yes, brave men! free me from these bonds! it is unworthy of Strathspay men,—it is unworthy of Grants, to triumph over a fallen foe! Those whom I killed were no clansmen of thine, but recreant Camerons, who betrayed a Cameron! Let me go free, and that reward of which you have been disappointed shall be quadrupled for sparing my life!" Such words as these, operating on minds so much prepared to receive them favourably, had well nigh worked their purpose. But, "No!" said Muckrach sternly, "it shall never be said that a murderer escaped from my hands. Besides, it was just so that he fairly spake the Mugach's false wife. But did he spare her sons on that account? If ye let him go, my men, the fate of the Mugach may be ours; for what bravery can stand against treachery and assassination!" This opened an entirely new view of the question to Padrig's rude guards, and the result of the conference was, that they resolved to take him to Inverness, and to deliver him up to the sheriff.

As they were pursuing their way up the south side of the river Dulan, the hill of *Tom-nan-Cean* appeared on that opposite to them. At sight of it, the whole circumstances of Padrig's atrocious deed came fresh into their minds. It seemed to cry on them for justice, and, with one impulse, they shouted out, "Let him die on the spot where he did the bloody act!" Without a moment's farther delay, they resolved to execute their new resolution. But on their way across the plain, they happened to observe a large fir tree, with a thick horizontal branch growing at right angles from the trunk, and of a sufficient height from the ground to suit their purpose; and doubting if they might find so convenient a gallows where they were going, they at once determined that here Padrig should finish his mortal career. The neighbouring birch thicket supplied them with materials for making a withe, and, whilst they were twisting it, Padrig burst forth in a flood of Gaelic verse, which his mind had been accumulating by the way. His song, and the twig rope that was to terminate his existence, were spun out and finished at the same moment, and he was instantly elevated to a height equally beyond his ambition and his hopes.—*Sir T. Lauder Dick's Account of the Moray Floods.*

EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

WE now bring forward the conclusion of our list of men, who have risen from the lower ranks to eminence through the force of their genius and perseverance.

Hawkwood, the author of the *Adventurer*, was the son of a watchmaker, and was at first brought up to that profession. He afterwards became a clerk to a stationer, and then rose to distinction as a literary character. Sir John Hawkwood, a distinguished military commander of the fourteenth century, was originally an apprentice to a tailor; but entering as a private soldier, he rose to eminence. Haydn, one of the most celebrated music composers, was the son of a poor cartwright. Herder, a German philosopher and writer, and who has been called the Fenelon of his country, was born of poor parents, and nurtured in adversity. Sir William Herschel, one of the greatest astronomers of modern times, was originally a player in the band of a Hanoverian regiment. General Hoche, who commanded an expedition against Ireland, in 1796, began life as a stable-boy. The Joan of Arc, who, by her heroism, delivered France from the English, was born of poor parents, and supported herself in early life by keeping sheep, and taking care of horses at a country inn. Samuel Johnson was the son of a bookseller at Litchfield, and attempted to support himself by keeping a school; before he became known, and was patronised by the crown, he had to endure severe pecuniary difficulties. Henry Jones, a poet and dramatist of last century, was born of poor parents at Drog-heda, and was bred a bricklayer. The famous Paul Jones was the son of a working gardener, and commenced his maritime life as a sailor boy. La Harpe, a French dramatist, poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a Swiss officer, who died in poverty, and left him an orphan, in such destitute circumstances, that he was supported by the Sisters of Charity, and it was by their recommendations that he was gratuitously educated. Lannes, Duke of Montebello, and a marshal under Napoleon, who esteemed him highly for his bravery, was born of poor parents, and was, at his outset in life, a common dyer. David Levi, a Jew of considerable literary talent, and author of a variety of works, was first a

shoemaker, and next a hatter, but contrived to acquire a respectable portion of learning. Leyden, the author of some beautiful Scottish poems, and a person of refined sentiment, was the son of a shepherd in Roxburghshire. Maitland, the historian of London and Edinburgh, began the world as a travelling dealer in hair. Benjamin Martin, who flourished as a writer on science at the beginning of the last century, was originally a farmer's labourer, but by dint of perseverance he acquired sufficient learning to become a schoolmaster, and afterwards a lecturer on experimental philosophy. Matsys, an eminent Dutch painter, was originally a blacksmith, and his love for the daughter of an artist is said to have been his inducement to study painting. Moliere was the son of a valet-de-chambre of the French king. Murat, one of the most intrepid of the French marshals, was the son of an innkeeper at Bastide. Ney, "the bravest of the brave," was the son of an artisan. Samuel Richardson, the author of *Sir Charles Grandison*, and other works of fiction, was the son of a joiner, and had a very scanty education; he was bound an apprentice to a printer, and by his genius and perseverance rose in his profession, and became an eminent literary character. Rousseau, one of the most eminent French writers, was the son of a watchmaker; and being apprenticed to an engraver, he was so ill-treated by his master, that he ran away before he was sixteen: his education was totally neglected, and for years he wandered as a vagabond seeking a precarious subsistence; yet by his natural abilities he brought himself into notice and fame. Ruyter, the famous Dutch admiral, began the world at eleven years of age as a poor sailor boy. The illustrious Shakespeare was the son of a dealer in wool, and such was the poverty of the young dramatist, that he employed himself first as a prompter's call-boy; other accounts represent him as holding gentlemen's horses at the door of the playhouse. Shield, the famous English violinist and musician, was the son of a singing-master, who left him fatherless: his early years were spent as an apprentice to a boat-builder, but his genius led him from this occupation to that of music, in which he was eminently successful. Jeremy Taylor, an eminent theologian and prelate of the seventeenth century, was the son of a barber. Toussaint L'Ouverture, who was appointed governor and president of the free black republic of St. Domingo, was born a slave, in which condition he remained till the revolution in the island brought forward his abilities and courage. Wallenstein, a celebrated German general, began life as a page to the margrave of Burgau—a situation almost equivalent to that of a foot-boy to an English country gentleman. Webbe, who has been so celebrated for his musical compositions, especially his glees, was originally a poor destitute boy, who gained a meagre subsistence by copying music, but by dint of incessant study, he became an excellent composer.

West, the American painter, was the son of a quaker, and had many difficulties to contend with at his outset. Jarvis Spencer, a miniature painter of last century, was originally a valet, or menial servant. Hanam, the painter, was at first the apprentice of a cabinet maker. Richard Wright and Lawrey Gilpin were originally ship-painters. Barry, an Irish painter, was originally a working mason. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper at Bristol, and such was the poverty of his parents and his own natural genius, that, when a mere boy, he supported the family by painting. Giotto, the reviver of painting in Italy, was the son of a peasant, and he himself kept sheep while a boy. Ghret, the famous drawer of botanical objects, was the son of a working gardener. Canova was the son of a stone-cutter, was left an orphan, and raised himself entirely by his genius. Taylor, the water poet, was a waterman. Antonio Bianchi, an Italian poet, was a gondolier. Allan Ramsay was the son of a workman at Leadhills, and began life as a barber. Stow, the author of the *Survey of London*, and Speed, the author of the *History of Great Britain*, were originally tailors. And Anthony Purver, a self-instructed man of learning, and a preacher; Joseph Pendrell; Bekman, the German; Holcroft, the novelist; Bloomfield, the poet; Luckington, who rose to such eminence as a bookseller in London; and Drew, the metaphysician, were all originally members of the "gentle craft" of shoemaking.

[The next number of the Journal will contain an article embodying a few general views as to advancement in the world.]

BRITISH WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE.

THE manufacture of woollen cloth in Britain derives its origin chiefly from the settlement of ingenious tradesmen from the Netherlands, who were compelled to emigrate on account of civil and religious persecution. The excellence of British cloths has been long acknowledged, although they are hardly superior to those of Germany, as was recently decided by competent judges at Leipzig; and it appears that, from being the leading branch of manufactures in the country, they are now second to cotton goods, which have rendered many articles of inferior consequence. It has been estimated, that the value of the manufactured woollen goods annually consumed in Great Britain is £11,000,000; and if to this be added £7,000,000, which is about the average value of those exported, the total value of the annual produce of this manufacture will be about £18,000,000. Estimating the value of the raw material at one third of the value of the goods, a sum of £12,000,000 is left as the aggregate

amount of profits and wages. Estimating the profit of the manufacturers, and the sum necessary to indemnify them for their outlay, at 18 per cent., the total amount of wages paid in this manufacture, will be £9,840,000, and taking £15 as a fair average of the annual wages obtained by the various descriptions of individuals in this department of industry, we shall get 546,000 as the total number of workmen, and at least 1,100,000 human beings, or one thirteenth part of the inhabitants of Great Britain, as supported by the woollen manufacture. In the course of years, numerous improvements have been effected in the cloth-making establishments, which have simplified human labour, and caused more work to be done by fewer hands. But we learn that another improvement, of American origin, is about to be adopted at the mills, which will very considerably diminish the number of persons employed, and throw many families into that state of destitution so obviously the case of the hand-loom cotton weavers. In ten years hence, therefore, much less than a thirteenth part of the inhabitants will be so employed. In Scotland, the manufacture of cloths is continuing to advance, both in the quantity and the quality of the article produced.

The finer cloths made in England are now made partly from fine foreign wool, of which the import for the ten years previous to 1819, amounted to 11,000,000 lbs. The following was the declared value of British manufactured woollens, and of woollen yarns, exported from Great Britain to foreign parts, from 1820 to 1828.

Year.	£	s.	d.	Year.	£	s.	d.
1820	5,987,442	9	11	1825	6,042,411	4	4
1821	5,585,430	2	2	1826	6,194,926	2	3
1822	6,463,920	12	2	1827	4,982,908	16	6
1823	6,488,673	14	6	1828	5,277,861	6	2
1824	5,636,471	2	6				

CREDULITY IN INDIA.

AN amusing anecdote, related by Bishop Heber, gives us a good idea of the follies and ignorance of one of the petty princes of India, and the risibility of the minister who managed his affairs. The fondness of the king for mechanics (says the bishop), led him to try some experiments, in which he fell in with a Mussulman engineer of pleasing address and ready talent, as well as considerable, though unimproved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word—"if he were wise, to leave Lucknow." The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on inquiring after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera; ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children, and no more was said. During these last rains, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood. He was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing, made his men draw in to shore, and, to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands, to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board, returned in high anger to Lucknow, and calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain that such a man was dead. "Undoubtedly," was the reply; "I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children." "Harunzada," said the king, bursting into a fury, "look there, and never see my face more!" The vizier turned round, and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of "God be merciful!" "Satan is strong!" "In the name of God, keep the devil from me!" he said, "I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object." "Touch him," said the king, "the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality." "Istuf-rallah!" said the favourite; "and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?" The king still stormed; but his voice faltered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. "It is certain, refuge of the world," resumed the minister, "that your majesty's late engineer, with whom be peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who has stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it, to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty dismiss us: I will see him conducted back to his grave; it may be that when that is opened, he may enter it again peaceably." The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore, with a horrible oath, that "if he did not put himself upon the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning, if he ever trod the earth again, it should be as a vampire indeed." This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses.

PECULIARITIES OF GERMANY.

EVERY hotel in Germany is divided into three departments; the hotel (properly so called,) the tavern, and the cafe; each of these is perfectly distinct and separate from the other two, and the waiters' accounts, &c. are totally unconnected one with another, although all be paid to the same proprietor. In consequence of this, it is not the custom here, as in France and England, to run up bills; you pay for each article immediately on receiving it; and certainly this practice has its advantages, compelling you, as it does, in a great degree, to live within your income, and precluding the possibility of your being cheated by clerks or waiters.

In almost all the towns of Germany, Vienna excepted, there is a table d'hôte at one o'clock. In general, you get an excellent dinner on reasonable terms. The society, too, is, for the most part, very good, and adorned by the presence of a fair proportion of charming women. After dinner, mountebanks, singers, and musicians, attend for the amusement of the company, who reward them after their own good pleasure, from one halfpenny up to two-pence; the latter sum makes a German stater. At most places, smoking does not begin till the ladies have retired; but, at the Schwartz Ross, the first hotel in Prague, I remarked it commenced long before the fairer portion of the company had displayed any intention to leave the table. You generally sup a la carte, paying separately for each article ordered, and gratifying the attendant with a donation of a halfpenny or a penny, the latter being very liberal.

In most hotels in which there is not a table d'hôte, there are two separate dining rooms, or spise saales, one for the benefit of smokers, the other for ladies and such gentlemen as are not amateurs of the pipe.

In England, or even in France, it would be considered an unpardonable offence against the common decencies of life to spit, or throw water or beer about the room; here it is done constantly in the very best houses. A young blood of the first water will come into your lodgings, take one of your pipes, (of which, to be in the fashion, you should have ten or twelve,) and, however handsome and costly may be the furniture, spit about him in all directions, without even dreaming of offering the least apology. You, of course, avail yourself of the earliest opportunity to return the compliment *chez lui*, that the reciprocity may not be all on one side, as a gallant admiral declared it was in the free trade system. So that every thing is comfortably arranged upon the accommodating principle—

Hanc veniam pelimus damus que vicissim.

It must be borne in mind, though, that such a thing as a carpet is totally out of the question, even in the palaces of Prince Esterhazy, sovereign though he be. Indeed, if you wish specially for cleanliness, you should never leave England, or, at farthest, France; *c'est à dire*, as far as taverns, cafes, and hotels, are concerned; but, touching the peasantry and their cottages, there is nothing to reproach withal. The cottages and peasantry throughout Hungary and Austria Proper, are both remarkable for the neatness and comfort of their appearance. The house is always conveniently furnished, and you generally see in its neighbourhood a couple of horses, and as many cows, which are the property of the tenant. Before I had seen other countries, I was in the habit of considering the peasantry of England the happiest and most comfortable in the world. My opinion is now, I confess, altogether changed. The lower orders throughout the Austrian dominions are in a condition far superior to those of a similar rank in any English county. This speaks much in favour of the despotic government of the empire, which, however rigorous in theory, must be essentially mild in practice, since it secures such general happiness and prosperity to the people who are subject to it.—From a recent book of Travels, of which we have mislaid the title.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

NICOLÒ PAGANINI.

THE power of natural genius, in bursting forth under every species of disadvantage and impediment, has been seldom so triumphantly manifested as in the life of Paganini, the musician. To excel in music as a science, does not require, by any means, a high order of intellect, neither does it demand that extraordinary cultivation by art necessary in the pursuit of the other sciences; but to be perfect in its theory and practice, much intuitive ability, and a happy expertness, are requisite; for, without these, the aspirant will, in general, only reach a respectable mediocrity, hardly worthy of being attained. In the life of the renowned personage now to be noticed, it will be seen that genius was born with him, and soon made itself known.

Niccolò Paganini was born at Genoa in February, 1781; it is not mentioned what his father's profession was, if indeed he had any; and all we are told is, that his chief pursuit was to improve his circumstances, which were not the best in the world, by speculating in the lottery; so that when his little son, Niccolò, began, at an unusually early age, to give strong indications of musical talent, it seemed as if the wheel of fortune had at last been propitious, and he accordingly lost no time in setting to work to make the most of his prize. Having some skill on the violin himself, he resolved to teach him that instrument, and, as soon as he could hold it, put

one into his hands, and made him sit beside him from morning till night to practise it. The incessant drudgery which he compelled him to undergo, and the occasional starvation to which he subjected him, seriously impaired his health, and, as Paganini himself asserts, laid the foundation of that valetudinary state which has ever since been his portion, and which his pale sickly countenance and his sunk and exhausted frame so strongly attest. As his enthusiasm was such as to require no artificial stimulus, this severe system could only have been a piece of cool and wanton barbarity.

In his eighth year, under the superintendence of his father, he had written a sonata, which, however, along with many other juvenile productions, he lately destroyed; and, as he played about three times a week in the churches and at private musical parties, upon a fiddle nearly as large as himself, he soon began to make himself known among his townsmen. At this time he received much benefit from one Francesco Gnecco, who died in 1811, and whom he always speaks highly of.

In his ninth year, being applied to by a travelling singer to join him in a concert, he made his first public appearance in the great theatre at Genoa, and played the French air, "La Carmagnole," with his own variations, with great applause.

His father now resolved to place him under the tuition of the well-known composer, Rolla, and for that purpose took him along with him to Parma. The particulars of their interview afford a striking proof of the proficiency which he had by this time acquired. As Rolla happened to be ill and lying in bed, the party were shown into the antichamber, when, observing upon the table one of the composer's newest concertos, the father beckoned to his son to take up his violin and play it, which he did at sight, in such a way that the sick man immediately started up, demanded who it was, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to believe that the sounds had proceeded from a little boy and his intended pupil; but, as soon as he had satisfied himself that that was really the case, he declined to receive him—"For God's sake," said he, "go to Paer; your time would be lost with me; I can do nothing for you."

To Paer accordingly they went, who received him kindly, and referred him to his own teacher, the old and experienced "Maestro di Capella" Giretti, from Naples, who gave him instructions for six months, three times a week in counterpoint. During this period he wrote twenty-four Fugues for four hands, with pen, ink, and paper alone, and without an instrument, which his master did not allow him, and, assisted by his own inclination, made rapid progress. The great Paer also took much interest in him, giving him compositions to work out, which he himself revised, an interest for which Paganini ever afterwards shewed himself deeply grateful.

The time was now come when Niccolò was destined, like other youthful prodigies, to be hawked about the country, to fill the pockets of his mercenary father, who managed to speculate upon him with considerable success in Milan, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, and most of the upper and central towns of Italy, where his concerts were always well attended. Young Paganini liked these excursions well enough; but being no about fifteen years of age, he began to be of opinion that they would be still more agreeable if he could only contrive to get rid of the old gentleman, whose spare diet and severe discipline had now become more irksome to him than ever. To accomplish this desirable object, an opportunity soon offered. It was the custom of Lucca, at the feast of Saint Martin, to hold a great musical festival, to which strangers were invited from all quarters, and numerous travellers resorted of their own accord; and as the occasion drew near, Niccolò begged hard to be allowed to go there in company with his elder brother; and, after much entreaty, succeeded in obtaining permission. He made his appearance as a solo player, and succeeded so well, that he resolved now to commence vagabondizing on his own account—a sort of life to which he soon became so partial that, notwithstanding many handsome offers which he occasionally received to establish himself in several places as a concerto player, or director of the orchestra, he never could be persuaded to settle any where. At a later period, however, he lived for some time at the court of Lucca, but soon found it more pleasant and profitable to resume his itinerant habits. He visited all parts of Italy, but usually made Genoa his head-quarters, where, however, he preferred to play the part of the dilettante to that of the virtuoso, and performed in private circles without giving public concerts.

It was not long before he had amassed about 20,000 francs, part of which he proposed to devote to the maintenance of his parents. His father, however, was not to be put off with a few thousands, but insisted upon the whole. Paganini then offered him the interest of the capital, but Signor Antonio very coolly threatened him with instant death, unless he agreed to consign the whole of the principal in his behalf; and in order to avoid serious consequences, and to procure peace, he gave up the greater part of it.

Those who know any thing of the gay, romantic sort of life which artists in Italy, particularly those connected with the all-engrossing object of music, usually lead, the diversified society in which they mingle, and the incident and adventure which they meet with, will not wonder that Paganini should have felt inclined to pass his days there, among his own countrymen, who felt and appreciated his talent, received him upon all occasions with

the most enthusiastic applause, and showered down upon him all the gold they could afford, besides flowers, garlands, and sonnets, in abundance. He loved the manners and customs of his country, its beautiful scenery, its climate; but their kindred souls were still more congenial to his heart. He was their idol; wherever he went his fame preceded his approach, and the multitudes poured in to hear him in streams as if he had been a worker of miracles. Having music at their command at all hours of the day, there is no country where concerts are worse attended than in Italy, and yet those which he gave never failed. People seemed never to be satiated with the delight of hearing him; and at Milan he gave, with the most brilliant success, no fewer than nineteen concerts rapidly succeeding each other. The only place in the whole of his peregrinations where he was unsuccessful, was at Palermo in Sicily. At Rome, Naples, and Florence, he was eminently triumphant, and at the former of these places, his Holiness the Pope was pleased to confer upon him the order of the *Speron d'Oro*.

It was early in 1828 when Paganini arrived at Vienna, where he gave a great many concerts with a success equal, if not superior, to any which had hitherto attended his exertions. His performance excited the admiration and astonishment of all the most distinguished professors and connoisseurs of this critical city. With any of the former all idea of competition was hopeless; and their greatest violinist, Mayseder, as soon as he had heard him, with an ingenuousness which did him honour, as we ourselves have reason to know, wrote to a friend in London, that he might now look up his violin whenever he liked.

In estimating the labour which it must have cost a performer like Paganini to have arrived at such transcendental excellence, people are often apt to err in their calculations as to the actual extent of time and practice which has been devoted to its acquisition. That the perfect knowledge of the *mechanique* of the instrument which his performance exhibits, and his almost incredible skill and dexterity in its management, must necessarily have been the result of severe discipline, is beyond all question; but more, much more, in every case of this kind, is to be ascribed to the system upon which that discipline has proceeded, and to the genius and enthusiasm of the artist. The miraculous powers of Paganini, in the opinion of his auditors, were not to be accounted for in the ordinary way. To them it was plain that they must have sprung from a life of a much more settled and secluded cast, than that of an itinerant Italian musical professor. It was equally clear, from his wild, haggard, and mysterious looks, that he was no ordinary personage, and had seen no common vicissitudes. The vaults of a dungeon accordingly were the local habitation which public rumour, in its love of the marvellous, seemed unanimously to assign to him, as the only place where "the mighty magic" of his bow could possibly have been acquired. Then, as to the delinquency which led to his incarceration, there were various accounts. Some imputed it to his having been a captain of banditti; others, only a carbonaro; some to his having killed a man in a duel; but the more current and generally received story was, that he had stabbed or poisoned his wife, or, as some said, his mistress; although, as fame had ascribed to him no fewer than four mistresses, it was never very clearly made out which of his seraglio it was who had fallen the victim of his vengeance. The story not improbably might have arisen from his having been confounded with a contemporary violin player, of the name of Duranowski, a Pole, to whom in person he bore some resemblance, and who, for some offence or other, having been imprisoned at Milan, during the leisure which his captivity afforded had contrived greatly to improve himself in his art; and when once it was embodied into shape, the fiction naturally enough might have obtained the more credence, from the fact that two of his most distinguished predecessors, Tarini and Lolly, had attained to the great mastery which they possessed over their instrument during a period of solitude—the one within the walls of a cloister—the other in the privacy and retirement of a remote country village. At all events, the rumours were universally circulated and believed, and the innocent and much-injured Paganini had for many years unconsciously stood forth in the eyes of the world as a violator of the laws, and even a convicted murderer. He seems never to have been made fully aware of the formidable position in which he stood until he had reached Vienna, when the *Theatrical Gazette*, in reviewing his first concert, dropped some pretty broad hints as to the rumoured misdeeds of his earlier life. Whereupon he resolved at once publicly to proclaim his innocence, and to put down the calumny; for which purpose, on the 10th of April, 1828, there was inserted in the leading Vienna journals, a manifesto, in Italian as well as German, subscribed by him, declaring that all these widely circulated rumours were false; that at no time, and under no government whatever, had he ever offended against the laws, or been put under coercion; and that he had always demeaned himself as became a peaceable and inoffensive member of society; for the truth of which he referred to the magistracies of the different states, under whose protection he had till then lived in the public exercise of his profession. No one dared to invalidate the truth of this appeal.

His command of the back string of the instrument has always been an especial theme of wonder and admiration, and, in the opinion of some, could only be accounted for by resorting to the theory of the dungeon, and the supposition that his other strings being worn out, and not having it in his power to supply their places, he had been forced from necessity to take refuge

in the string in question; a notion very like that of a person who would assert, that for an opera dancer to learn to stand on one leg, the true way would be—to have only one leg to stand upon. We shall give Paganini's explanation of this mystery in his own words.

"At Luca, I had always to direct the opera when the reigning family visited the theatre; I played three times a-week at the court, and every fortnight superintended the arrangement of a grand concert for the court parties, which, however, the reigning princess, Elisa Bacciochi, Princess of Luca and Piombino, Napoleon's favourite sister, was not always present at, or did not hear to the close, as the harmonic tones of my violin were apt to grate her nerves, but there never failed to be present another much esteemed lady, who, while I had long admired her, bore (at least so I imagined) a reciprocal feeling towards me. Our passion gradually increased, and as it was necessary to keep it concealed, the footing on which we stood with each other became in consequence the more interesting. One day I promised to surprise her with a musical *Jeu d'esprit*, which should have a reference to our mutual attachment. I accordingly announced for performance a comic novelty, to which I gave the name of 'Love Scene.' All were curiously impatient to know what this should turn out to be, when at last I appeared with my violin, from which I had taken off the two middle strings, leaving only the E and the G string. By the first of these I proposed to represent the lady, by the other the gentleman; and I proceeded to play a sort of dialogue, in which I attempted to delineate the capricious quarrel and reconciliations of lovers; at one time scolding each other, at another sighing and making tender advances, renewing their professions of love and esteem, and finally winding up the scene in the utmost good humour and delight. Having at last brought them into a state of the most perfect harmony, the united pair lead off a *pas de deux*, concluding with a brilliant finale. This musical scene went off with much eclat. The lady, who understood the whole perfectly, rewarded me with her gracious looks, the princess was all kindness, overwhelmed me with applause, and, after complimenting me upon what I had been able to effect upon the two strings, expressed a wish to hear what I could execute upon one string. I immediately assented; the idea caught my fancy; and as the Emperor's birthday took place a few weeks afterwards, I composed my Sonata 'Napoleon' for the G string, and performed it upon that day before the court with so much approbation, that a cantata of Cimarosa, following immediately after it upon the same evening, was completely extinguished, and produced no effect whatever. This is the first and true cause of my partiality for the G string, and as they were always desiring to hear more of it, one day taught another, until at last my proficiency in this department was completely established."

No one has been more cruelly misrepresented than the subject of this notice. In reality a person of the gentlest and most inoffensive habits, he is any thing rather than the desperate ruffian he has been described. In his demeanour he is modest and unassuming to a fault. Like most artists, ardent and enthusiastic in his temperament, and in his actions very much a creature of impulse, he is full of all that unaffected simplicity which we almost invariably find associated with true genius. He has an only son, a very precocious child, who already indicates strong signs of musical talent. Being of a delicate frame of health, Paganini never can bear to trust him out of his sight. "If I were to lose him," says he, "I would be lost myself; it is quite impossible that I can ever separate myself from him; when I awake in the night, he is my first thought." Accordingly, ever since he parted from his mother, he has himself enacted the part of a child's nurse. Nor in his filial duties is he more remiss than in the parental. The wealth which he has amassed has been partly applied to provide for the comforts of an aged mother, and not unfrequently dispensed in acts of bounty towards his more necessitous relations and friends.

The above life of Paganini we have condensed from an able account of him, which appeared upwards of a twelvemonth ago in an extremely useful and meritorious publication, devoted to continental literature, under the title of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. Since then, the genius of the violin, as he may be called, has paid a professional visit to Great Britain and Ireland, in which countries he is understood to have reaped very large sums. Ultimately, we believe, he intends to retire to the continent, to enjoy his gains in Tuscany, the climate of which he prefers to all others.

THE LARCH.

This species of the fir, or pine, which is now seen in every gentleman's plantation, was accidentally brought to Scotland about a hundred years ago. Mr. Menzies of Culcairn was in London, in 1737, and hearing of a beautiful pine shrub recently imported, procured four plants; he gave two to the Duke of Atholl, which are now in full vigour at Dunkeld, and may be called the parents of all the larch in the kingdom; he gave a third to Mr. Campbell of Monzie, and kept the fourth for himself, which was unfortunately cut down fifty years ago. It had been planted forty-five years, and had grown to seven feet nine inches in circumference. The Duke of Atholl's plants were placed in a green-house at Dunkeld, where they did not thrive, and were thrown out, when they immediately began to grow, and quickly shewed the consequence of being placed in a proper climate. The larch has proved a valuable acquisition to the produce of many barren moors in the Highlands, where the climate is found more favourable for this species of pine than in the plains. As an instance of the value of these trees, the late Duke of Atholl sold one thousand larch trees, of seventy years' growth, for £5000.

AN AMERICAN SCENE.

IN travelling through the state of New York, Mr. Fergusson, from whose notes we have already quoted, mentions, that he arrived at the rural town of Waterford, which, says he, "is a sweet village, containing many gay white mansions, with green Venetians, neat gardens, &c., and the scenery around is extremely pleasing. The Hudson flows past the town and the Mohawk falls in a short way below, with many wooded and rocky islands in front. From Waterford, our route lay nearly parallel to the river, through a well cultivated country, with many handsome farms, the soil varying in quality, and of inferior value as you recede from the river. A gentleman, whom I had known in Scotland, possesses a fine property on this road, and I resolved to surprise him with a visit."

We were most heartily welcomed, and only made good our retreat by a promise, if possible, to return. He has found his purchase a very advantageous one; the land seems of excellent quality, and he has evidently made great improvements in clearing, draining, fencing, &c. The Northern Canal intersects the estate. He has a very comfortable mansion, with a well laid out garden, rather ingeniously formed in the hollow of an old quarry. The Hudson, with many wooded romantic islets, and enlivened by rafts, constantly shooting down some strong rapids, with high land, well timbered, on the opposite bank, forms the landscape from his porch, where we found the old gentleman enjoying the sunshine of a delightful April day. A few miles after passing Stillwater (a small hamlet and post-office,) we arrived opposite to Easton, the residence of my friend. It was now requisite to cross the river, which here expands to a very considerable breadth, and, from its placidity, gives name to the hamlet and district. A rather ill-defined track led us through a field, and we descended the bank, as I thought, with some hazard, to the water edge. Here no handy waterman waited to give us his aid, but a *catawban-like* boat, denominated a *scow*, long enough, though of a breadth barely sufficient to receive the carriage, was at our service, when cleared of the water, with which she was half full. I received orders to remain in the phaeton, under the guidance of the coachman, while my friends soon baled out a portion of the water, and handled two long poles, by which we were to be put across. The prospect, I must admit, was far from satisfactory; however, having no choice, I had only to submit, and, after a proper plunge and a rare jolt, our well trained active horses deposited us on board, and we committed ourselves to the gentle current. In due time, we reached the opposite bank, and, after another scramble, got safely ashore, where my good friend was ready to welcome us. This was the first specimen I had met with of the docility which is almost universal in American horses, and is the natural result of kind treatment. From the moment that these four spirited animals entered the boat, until they were required to leap out, a period of half an hour, not one of them moved a hoof. My friend's property formerly belonged to a branch of the Schuyler family, and is beautifully situated on the east bank of the Hudson, consisting of rich clay land, low hills, well adapted for sheep pasture, and woodland behind. The house stands not far from the river, and commands a very pleasing view. The valley of the Hudson is here of considerable breadth. The Northern, or Champlain Canal, connecting New York with Vermont, Lower Canada, &c. passes on the west side, at the distance, in general, of about half a mile from the river. There is a large extent of rich flat land upon the eastern bank, rising into low hills and woodlands as you recede; and, some miles in the interior, it is intersected by a line of turnpike from Troy, &c. to the north, with a district of settled country, inferior, however, in quality to the river side. Numerous little brooks descend from the hilly ground, affording a copious supply of water for agricultural, and sometimes for mechanical purposes. Upon one of these, running through his property, my friend has erected a brewery, which, in the hands of two enterprising Scotchmen, promises to flourish. Sure I am, if *superlatively good ale* can secure customers, the Easton brewery deserves to succeed. Ice is supplied in a particular and scientific method, which enables the brewery to work when others are in general closed, from the temperature of the summer. In returning one evening from dining with our neighbours at the brewery, I was regaled and astonished, for the first time, with a *frog concert*. The night was dark, and we were picking our steps by the aid of a lantern, when the chirrup at once opened on every hand from a thousand mouths. The whole valley seemed to be alive with one mass of squealing voices, which continued through the night without intermission. The bull frog occasionally sings *baas*, but this evening he was silent. The noise breaks strangely to a stranger's ear on the quiet hour; and I could not help associating it, in some degree, with the annoying recollection of fever and ague, which will, less or more, continue to prevail until a general system of draining shall thin this orchestra.

Some varieties of the frog grow here, and in Canada, to a prodigious size. A plain honest Scotsman, with whom I travelled some days in Canada, amused me much with his account of them, when detailing his feats in the slaughter of wood pigeons. "You never saw the like o' the pullocks, Sir; I brought down three doves at a shot, and afore I could tak' them up, a muckle devil, wi' a mouth as braid's my loaf, gobbled yin o' them, stoupin' a roup." Mrs. R—, too, assured me, that, from her vicinity to the meadows at the river side, she had no chance of rearing ducks, the young brood always falling a prey to the frogs.

SNUFF-TAKING—SMOKING.

As snuff and tobacco form a considerable item in the expenditure of the working classes, it may be proper to mention, that the highest medical authorities are of opinion that the use of them is prejudicial to health. The following is the opinion of the celebrated Dr. Cullen on the subject:—"Tobacco is a well-known drug, of a narcotic quality, which it discovers in all persons, even in a small quantity, when first applied to them. I have known a small quantity of it, snuffed up the nose, produce giddiness, stupor, and vomiting; and, when applied in different ways, in larger quantity, there are many instances of its more violent effects, even of its proving a mortal poison. In all these instances, it operates in the manner of other narcotics; but, along with its narcotic qualities, it possesses also a strong stimulant power, perhaps with respect to the whole system, but especially with respect to the stomach and intestines, so as readily, even in no great doses, to prove emetic and purgative. By this combination of qualities, all the effects of tobacco may be explained; but I shall begin with considering its effects as they appear in the use of it as an article of living. When snuff is first employed, if it be not both in small quantity, and be not thrown out immediately by sneezing, it occasions some giddiness and confusion of the head; but, by repetition, these effects cease to be produced, and no other effect of it appears in the accustomed, when not taken beyond the accustomed quantity. But, even in the accustomed, when it is taken beyond the usual quantity, it produces somewhat of the same giddiness and confusion of head that it did when first employed; and, in several cases, these effects in the accustomed, depending on a larger dose, are not only more considerable, as they act on the sensorium, but as they appear also in other parts of the system, particularly in the stomach, occasioning a loss of appetite, and other symptoms of a weakened tone in that organ. With respect to this, it is to be observed, that persons who take a great deal of snuff, though they seem, from the power of habit, to escape its narcotic effects, yet, as they are often liable to go to excess in the quantity taken, so they are still in danger from these effects operating in an insensible manner; and I have observed several instances of their being affected in the same manner as persons are from the long use of other narcotics, such as wine and opium,—that is, by a loss of memory, by a fatuity, and other symptoms of the weakened or senile state of the nervous system, induced before the usual period. Among other effects of excess in snuffing, I have found all the symptoms of dyspepsia produced by it, and particularly pains of the stomach, occurring every day. The dependence of those upon the use of snuff became very evident from hence, that, upon an accidental interruption of snuffing for some days, these pains did not occur, but, upon a return to snuffing, the pains also recurred; and this alternation of pains of the stomach and of snuffing having occurred again, the snuff was entirely laid aside, and the pains did not recur for many months after, nor, so far as I know, for the rest of life. Another effect of snuff to be taken notice of is, that, as a part of the snuff is often carried back into the fauces, so a part of this is often carried down into the stomach, and then more certainly produces the dyspeptic symptoms mentioned. These are the considerations that relate to snuffing; and some of them will readily apply to the other modes of using this drug. Smoking, when first practised, shews very strongly the narcotic, vomiting, and even purging powers of tobacco, and it is very often useful as an anodyne; but, by repetition, these effects disappear, or only show themselves when the quantity smoked is beyond what habit had before admitted of; and, even in persons much accustomed to it, it may be carried so far as to prove a mortal poison. From much smoking, all the same effects may arise which we said might arise from excess of snuffing. With respect to the evacuation of mucus, which is produced by snuffing, there are analogous effects produced by smoking, which commonly stimulates the mucous follicles of the mouth and fauces, particularly the excretories of the salivary glands. Sometimes smoking dries the mouth and fauces, and occasions a demand for drink; but as commonly the stimulus it applies to the mucous follicles and salivary glands draws forth their liquids, it occasions, on the other hand, a frequent spitting. So far as this is of the proper saliva, it occasions a waste of that liquid, so necessary in the business of digestion; and, both by this waste, and by the narcotic power at the same time applied, the tone of the stomach is often weakened, and every kind of dyspeptic symptoms are produced. The third mode of using tobacco is that of chewing it, when it shews its narcotic qualities as strongly as in any other way of applying it, though the nauseous taste of it commonly prevents its being carried far in the first practice. When the practice, however, is continued, as it is very difficult to avoid some part of it, dissolved in the saliva, from going down into the stomach, so this, with the nausea excited by the taste, makes vomiting more readily occasioned by this than the other modes of applying it. They are the strong, and even disagreeable, impressions repeated, that give the most durable and tenacious habits, and, therefore, the chewing of tobacco is apt to become one of these; and it is, therefore, in this way that it is ready to be carried to the greatest excess, and to shew all the effects of the frequent and large use of narcotics. This practice is also the occasion of the greatest loss of saliva; and the effects of this in weakening digestion,

and perhaps, from thence especially its noted effect of producing emaciation, may appear.

Several cases of disease are mentioned, in which the use of tobacco is said to be beneficial; but it appears to be the conviction of this great physician, that, in none of its forms, can it be beneficial to the healthy subject.

LINLITHGOW PALACE.

Where noble men of proven might,
And ardent youthful souls, have been,
And eyes, full of love's glances, bright
Have shone on many a festal night—
Bright, and bewitchingly serene;
Where hearts of warriors have leapt
When daring deeds were to be done,
And ladies at the thought have wept
How that might end which was begun;
The damp-drops, like those baneful dew
Which trickle from the dungeon wall,
Now from the vaulted ceilings oze,
And heavy on the pavement fall.
These roofs, when wassail cups went round,
To mirthful shouts have often rung;
But now their echoes doleful sound,
Long, long unused to human tongue:
Where once were gay and gilded halls,
Are now but crack'd and blacken'd walls,
With blades of grass among their seams,
And weeds and ends of fore-scathed beams.
And where are they—the brave and fair—
Who have been glad and happy there?
How many hands that grasped the hilt,
With eager haste, for war or tilt—
How many arms that none might stay,
That swept resistless, and made way
Among a thousand foes,
Have lain at rest through long, long years,
And stir'd not though fierce shouts and cheers,
And groans among conflicting spears,
Above their graves arose!
How many ages, too, are over,
Since watchful eye of timid lover
Responsively hath trembled,
Upon the glance of one, of all
The lady-loves, whom mask, and ball,
And pomp, have here assembled.
The gaudy barge, by galliards row'd,
That still blue lake has often plough'd—
Their plumes upon its billows danc'd—
With love the eyes of ladies beam'd—
The sun upon the fair scene glanced,
—Then gay that lake, and lovely seem'd,
As was the freight upon its waves
Of Scotland's sons and daughters;
'Tis lonely now, as are the graves,
Beside its silent waters.
Thus they, perhaps, in musing mood,
Have said of those before them,
Unthinking that like darkness should
In future gather o'er them;
Thus do we ponder of the past,
And our own fate is coming fast.

BRITISH FOOT REGIMENTS.

THE Scots Royals are known to be the oldest regiment in the British service. We are not informed when this corps was raised, but there is a commission in it still extant, bearing date in 1636.

In the old French army lists, the Scots Guards likewise were distinguished as the oldest regiment in their service.

The oldest regiment in the British service, however, whose rise is ascertained, is the Coldstream Guards, raised for General Monk, in 1660.

Upon Charles the Second's marriage with the Infanta of Portugal, the city of Tangier was ceded to the English, as part of her marriage portion, and four regiments sent to take possession of it. Out of these four was formed the Queen's Tangier regiment, or Queen's Royals, ranking at present as the Second Regiment of foot in this regiment, in James the Second's reign, was commanded by Colonel Kirk, it is likely to have been the same corps that was guilty of so many excesses in the west of England, after the Duke of Monmouth's insurrection, where they were ironically nicknamed Kirk's Lambs.

The Royal Irish, or 18th Regiment, seems to have particularly distinguished itself at the siege of Namur, the principal achievement of King William in his Flanders campaign. The officers' badge is still inscribed with the words, "Premium virtutis Namuricæ."

The 25th and 26th Scots, and the 27th Irish Regiment, were raised at the time of the Revolution, and were all three at that time composed of Presbyterians.

Three of the old Scots regiments seem to have been a good deal noticed in King William's Queen Anne's wars, viz. the present 21st, or Scots Fusiliers; the 25th, or Old Edinburgh; and the 26th, or Cameronians. After the Revolution, they were known as McKay's, Leven's, and Angus's regiments. It is curious enough that Sterne, in his *Tristram Shandy*, and he is known to be correct enough in his allusions to the history of these wars, speaks of these regiments a good deal; and, as a compliment to them, puts his uncle Toby in Leven's, and Lieutenant Le Fevre in Angus's.

The old British foot regiments were first publicly distinguished by their numbers, according to seniority, about the year 1750, though we find them numbered in the army lists some years before. Formerly they were distinguished by the names of their colonels only.

In 1792, for the sake of more speedy recruiting, such of the old foot regiments as William had no other distinction but their numbers, were allowed to take the name of one or other of the counties in England. Thus the 52d regiment is designated the Oxford Regiment, &c.

JOCK GRAME.

The Balkeides, or Sakelides, were a powerful family in Cumberland, possessing, among other manors, that of Corby, before it came into possession of the Howards, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A strange stratagem was practised by an outlaw, called Jock Grame, of the Pear Tree, upon the Sakelide, sheriff of Cumberland, the fact having occurred late in Elizabeth's reign. The brother of this freebooter was lying in Carlisle jail for execution, when Jock of the Pear Tree came riding past the gate of Corby Castle. A child of the sheriff was playing before the door, to whom the outlaw gave an apple, saying, "Master, will you ride?" The boy willingly consenting, Grame took him up before him, carried him into Scotland, and would never part with him till he had his brother safe from the gallows.

DR. ADAM FERGUSON.

THE late celebrated Dr. Adam Ferguson, who was chaplain to one of the Highland regiments, is well remembered for the fearlessness with which he went through his affecting and sacred duties in the midst of the hottest engagements. On one occasion, when the regiment to which he belonged was taking its ground preparatory to battle, Sir Robert Munro perceived the chaplain in the ranks, and, with a friendly caution, told him there was no necessity for him to expose himself to unnecessary danger, and that he ought to be out of the line of fire. The Doctor thanked Sir Robert for his friendly advice, but added, that, on this occasion, he had a duty which he was imperatively called upon to perform. Accordingly, he continued with the regiment during the whole of the action, in the hottest of the fire, praying with the dying, attending to the wounded, and directing them to be carried to a place of safety. By his fearless zeal, his intrepidity, and his friendship towards the soldiers, (several of whom had been his school-fellows at Dunkeld,) his amiable and cheerful manners, checking with severity when necessary, mixing among them with ease and familiarity, and acting as ready as any of them with a poem or heroic tale, he acquired an unbounded ascendancy over them.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OUR sketch of the life of this illustrious man, which we have some pride in pointing out as the first instance of an original work of such extent, being published in a style calculated for universal circulation, has, by this time, we trust, afforded to many thousands of our countrymen, such a picture of excellence in mind and character, as they have never before looked on. We have now much pleasure in giving our readers assurance of the general accuracy of that work—the quality chiefly aimed at in its composition—from the testimony of one peculiarly able to speak to the point; namely the editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* newspaper, who for forty years was the bosom friend of the illustrious subject of our memoir, and might be styled, indeed, his literary Achates. After expressing, in the paper of October 3, his regret that ill health prevented him from giving a sketch of Sir Walter Scott, from his own pen, the editor of the journal thus proceeds:—"In the meantime, we recommend to general perusal an excellent biographical sketch of the great departed, which appeared in a supplement to Messrs. Chambers's last journal. It is singularly copious, comprehensive, and correct, and arranged with that marked fairness and perspicuity, which have mainly contributed to give to these writers their extensive popularity."

While we have to express the gratification we derive from this decisive testimony, candour also obliges us to mention one or two mistakes chiefly of a trivial kind, which have been pointed out to us upon good authority.

The real situation of Sir Walter Scott, in the volunteer corps in 1797, was that of Quarter-master, and the name of the regiment was the Edinburgh Light Dragoons.

[A characteristic anecdote, connected with this part of his life, may here be introduced as a compensation for the error. The commander of the corps, as not unusually happened, was rather ignorant of his duty, and required to have a card of the movements constantly in his hand. One unfortunate morning—a very cold one—he forgot to bring this monitor along with him, and was of course desperately non-plussed. He could positively do nothing: the troop stood for twenty minutes quite motionless, while he was vainly endeavouring to find the means of supplying the requisite document. At this moment, while the men were as all cold as their own stirrup irons, and were more like a set of mutes at a funeral, than a band of redoubtable volunteers, ready to do battle at whatever odds against the might of Gaul, Sir Walter came limping up, and said to a few of the other officers, in his grave way—"I think the corps is rather long in lifting this morning;" a drollery so fit to the occasion and to their feelings, that the whole burst out in a fit of laughing, which speedily communicated to the whole corps.]

The story of Sir Walter's financial embarrassments is so exceedingly involved and confused, that perhaps it could not be properly explained without the aid of an accountant. The deceased himself, in his preface to the new edition of his *Chronicles of the Canongate*, mentions 120,000*l.* as the extent of his losses by Messrs. Constable and Cadell. Yet the trust, as recorded in our narrative, embraced only 102,000*l.*, of which a large part referred to personal debts otherwise incurred. Our statement as to a dividend of six-and-eightpence, is not exactly correct; but there can be no mistake as to the aggregate of the dividends that had been paid at the time of Sir Walter's decease—namely, eleven-and-eightpence. This, we understand, with the money payable by insurance offices, and sums due out of the profits of his works, left twenty-one thousand pounds due, at the period of his decease, exclusive of the accumulated interest.

In a note upon the 390th page, we regret to find that an unjust imputation (originally adopted from a newspaper), was conveyed, respecting the bill of 6th August, for appointing a new sheriff for Selkirkshire. That bill was in reality unavoidable, on account of the new duties imposed on officers of this class by the Reform Bill, and was entered into with the full concurrence of Sir Walter's nearest relatives.

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